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STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1878.

WHOLE NUMBER 342.

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OUR JOB OFFICE IS COMPLETE
In every particular, and our Job Printer is acknowledged the best in the State.
Prices to suit the times.

SCHOOLS.

LAW SCHOOL.

CINCINNATI COLLEGE.

The 4th Annual Session begins October 15th and continues seven months—until the first year.
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Cincinnati Musical Institute!

130 W. NINTH STREET.

Facility—Instrumental—Miss H. L. Evans, of Cincinnati University, New York.
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Stanford Female College.

STANFORD, KY.

WITH A FULL CORPS OF TEACHERS

This institution will open

ITS NINTH SESSION,

ON THE

END MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER, NEXT.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A

THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE

are taught, as well as

MUSIC, THE LANGUAGE, DRAW-

ING AND PAINTING.

TERMS MODERATE.

In Tuition, prices range from \$25 to \$50 in the

regular departments. Primary, \$25; Intermediate

\$30; Preparatory, \$40, and College, \$50.

For full particulars, as to Board, etc., address

Mrs. S. C. TRUMBERT, Principal.

Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

TARRANT COLLEGE!

ORAB ORCHARD, KY.

The Fourth Annual Session of this

First-class School for Young Ladies

will be commenced Monday,

August 6th, 1878.

Mrs. F. H. Tarrant, Principal, and Teacher

of French, Higher Mathematics

and Education.

Mrs. E. M. Mayer, Music, Vocal and

Instrumental.

Miss Mattie E. Coleman, Art and Calli-

graphy.

Miss Fannie Parker, Assistant Teacher. Miss

Flossie S. West, Primary.

Board and Tuition in Literary, \$15

per month; Tuition in Music \$5

per month; Art Painting,

\$5 per month.

Send for Catalogue.

Mrs. F. H. Tarrant, Principal.

Orab Orchard, Ky.

STANFORD SEMINARY

Prof. BARNES. Prof. JENNINGS.

The next session of this institution will begin

ON MONDAY, SEPT. 2, 1878.

And continue forty weeks, with a vacation of one

week at Christmas.

The former Principal will continue in charge, but

he has been succeeded by Prof. Jennings, of

Stanford Female College, who will have special

charge of the French and Modern Languages.

TERMS.

PER SESSION OF TWENTY WEEKS.

1st Grade, \$15; 2nd Grade, \$20;

Senior Grade, \$25.

TAKE NOTICE.

1st. No pupils received who are in arrears for pre-

vious sessions.

2nd. All bills due at the end of two months after

matriculation.

3rd. All pupils charged from time of entry until

the end of that session.

4th. No deductions for absence except in cases of

protracted sickness.

SCHEDULE.

BARBER SHOP!

H. P. Montgomery, - Proprietor.

Offers his professional services to the public.

HAIRCUTTING, HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING,

SHAMPING & DRESSING.

Done in the best and most fashionable style. Shop

under the St. Asaph Hotel.

WHAT A DUFFE.

[Successor to West & Chesser.]

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Agents for Franklin Cotton Mills.

No. 231 Main St., bet. Sixth & Seventh,

Opposite Louisville Hotel.

[187-17] LOUISVILLE, KY.

Night.

[The following bright and touching little poem, by a young lady of Buffalo, was published in the Editor's Chamber of Hyper's Magazine.]

Right come down to the north,

And look the first day,

And clasp her tightly in her arms,

And bore her far away.

The moon like some star light-hound,

Far up the wally way;

The glimmering stars, like tiny larks,

At anchor round her lay.

And like a single silver thread

That twines in some dark cord,

The river wound through trees and firs,

A gleaming band of gold.

I heard the soft low dip of oars,

Like a weary, slow heart-throb;

And the water-lilies, like the bon of the boat,

A low half-hummed note.

And on that night, on long days,

A vision without trace

Came to me in its fullest joy,

So perfect and complete,

Oh, golden dream! why did I wake

To find it past and gone?

The dream was like a glorious day,

The waking, red and gray, dawn.

"Two years later, said I had died"

Believing it were true;

"Two years later, said I had died"

Believing it were true;

"Two years later, said I had died"

Believing it were true;

"Two years later, said I had died"

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Believing it were true;

"Two years later, said I had died"

Believing it were true;

Hit in Court.

Keen and cutting words, or even

trifling incoherencies, indulged in at the

expense of counsel, have some times

met with swift retribution. Plunket

was once engaged in a case, when to-

ward the end of the afternoon it be-

came a question whether the Court

should proceed or adjourn till next

day. Plunket expressed his will-

ingness to go on if the jury would

"set."

"Sit, sir, sit," said the presiding

Judge, "not 'set,' hens set."

"I thank you, my Lord," said

Plunket.

The case proceeded, and presently

the Judge had occasion to observe that

if that were the case he feared the ac-

tion would not "lay."

"Lie, my Lord, lie," exclaimed the

barrier, "not lay; hens lay."

"If you don't stop your coughing,

sir," said a lady and irritable Judge,

"I'll fine you a hundred pounds."

"I'll give your lordship two hundred

if you can stop it for me," was the

ready reply.

Curran was once addressing a jury,

when the Judge, who was thought to

be antagonistic to this client, intimat-

ed his dissent from the arguments

advanced by a shake of the head. "I

see, gentlemen," said Curran, "I see

the motion of his lordship's head. Per-

sons unacquainted with his lord-

ship would be apt to think this im-

plied a difference of opinion, but be as-

sured, gentlemen, this is not the case.

When you know his lordship as well

as I do, it will be unnecessary to tell

you that when he shakes his head there

really is nothing in it."

On another occasion Curran was

pleading before Fitzgibbon, the Irish

Chancellor, with whom he was on

terms of any thing but friendship.

The Chancellor, with the distinct pur-

pose, as it would seem, of insulting

the advocate, brought with him on the

bench a large Newfoundland dog, to

which he devoted a great deal of his

attention while Curran was address-

ing a very elaborate argument to him.

At a very material point in his argu-

ment, he was wholly engrossed with

his dog. Curran ceased to speak.

"Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said the

Chancellor. "Oh, I beg a thousand

pardons, my lord," said the witty bar-

rister. "I really was under the im-

pression that your lordship were in

consultation."

But perhaps, the most crushing re-

joinder ever flung back in return for

an insult from the bench was that

which this same advocate hurled at

Judge Robinson.

Judge Robinson is described as a

man of sour and cynical disposition,

who had been raised to the bench—

so, at least, it was commonly be-

lieved—because he had written in

favor of the Government of his day a

number of pamphlets remarkable for

modesty, but their scurrilous and ran-

corous scurrilous. At the time when

Curran was only just rising into no-

tice, and while he was yet a poor and

struggling man, this Judge ventured

upon a sneering joke, which, small

though it was, but for Curran's ready

wit and searching eloquence, might

have done him irreparable injury.

Speaking of some opinion of coun-

sel on the opposite side, Curran said

he had consulted all his books and

could not find a single case in which

the principle in dispute was thus es-

tablished.

"This may be, Mr. Curran," sneer-

ed the Judge, "but I suspect your law

library is rather limited."

Curran eyed the barstool toady for

a moment, and then broke forth with

this noble retort:

"It is very true, my lord, that I am

poor, and this circumstance has cer-

tainly rather curtailed my library.

My books are not numerous; but they

are select, and I hope have been per-

used with proper dispositions. I have

prepared myself for this high profes-

sion rather by the study of a few good

books than by composition of a great

many bad ones. I am not ashamed

of my poverty, but I should be ashamed

of my wealth if I should stoop to ac-

quire it by servility and corruption.

If I rise not to rank, I shall at least

be honest; and should I ever come to

be so many an example shows me

that an ill-acquired elevation, by mak-

ing me the more conspicuous, would

only make me the more universally

and notoriously contemptible."

"Mother, mother, here's Freddy

teasing the baby. Make him cry

again, Freddy, and then mother will

give him some sugar, and I'll take it

away from him; and then he'll squall

and then mother will give him some

more and you can take that, and then

we'll both have some."

No one can long abuse health with-

out suffering generally with blood dis-

eases. Keep the blood pure by using

Dr. Rull's Blood Mixture.

B. F. B.

Afternoon Men.

There is a proverb which says,

"What can be done at any time is

never done," and applies especially to

a class who have become slaves to the

sweetest and best of my heart. Oh! I hope it is not in vain. Can you love me enough to be my wife?" and he noticed a tear roll slowly down her cheek.

"That I can never be," she said, in a low, measured tone.

"You love me, Jessie, I feel it; why then reject my suit?"

A wave of scarlet rolled over her face and neck, as she replied:

"We must part."

"Part, Jessie? Oh, it is too little thus to let the romance die out of my heart! will you not then give me a gleam of hope to carry away with me?"

"No," she said, firmly, without looking at him; "harsh as it may seem, I repeat, we must part at once."

"Without an explanation, or even a word of hope? yet I cannot believe that you are a coquette, Jessie."

His red eyes lingered upon her face with such penetrating earnestness that she dropped her eyes; it seemed to him a farewell to hope, and snatching her cold, trembling hand, he kissed it fervently; in another moment she was alone.

She stood immovable until the echoes of his footsteps died away; then she bowed her head and wept bitterly over the grave of love.

Did he pine away and die? Not a bit of it; he packed his trunks and went to Paris, and there began a busy life, he sketched and painted, until one day he suddenly became famous.

He was lionized, fêted and flattered, but was not quite spoiled by it; the sweet face of Jessie Farnsworth haunted him; he would return soon with his newly acquired honors, and once more plead his cause, and oh! happy thought, perhaps be successful this time.

There was to be a brilliant reception given by the American minister.

"Would he go?" his friends inquired, for there was to be present a beautiful widow to whom he must be introduced who would just suit his taste.

No, he would not go; he was bored by beauties, and detested widows. What a mood to be in, to be sure; nevertheless, he changed it, and went.

Although the belles of the season, and the fashionables were present in full force, and at their best.

Henry Ferrers was the lion of the evening; every one wished to make the acquaintance of the young artist.

The crowd at last became a jann, so he was forced to stand quite still, and while impatiently waiting for a passage through it, he heard a voice near him, saying:

"Yes, that is Mrs. Morley. She is decidedly the handsomest and wealthiest woman in the town."

More? surely he had heard the name before; oh, now, he recollected—twas that of the man who threw his father-in-law over the cliff—could this woman be his wife?

He turned and saw Jessie Farnsworth.

All the old love surged in his heart at sight of her, although two long years had passed since that memorable parting day.

White gazing, all his soul in his face, she also turned; their eyes met, and she smiled.

A crowd is no obstacle to a man in love. Some body's curls suffered, and the laws of politeness were altogether ignored by Ferrers as he made his way toward her.

Twas that smile that did all the mischief.

Just as he was about to greet her, she was stopped by a friend, who said, gaily:

"Whither away so fast, Ferrers? I have been looking for you for the last half hour. Ah, Mrs. Morley! happy to see you," he said, extending his hand to Jessie Farnsworth. "Allow me to introduce my friend—Mr. Morley, Mr. Ferrers."

Mr. Ferrers was completely mystified, for the Widow Morley and Jessie seemed one and the same person; he was so astonished that he could not utter a word.

She alone was self-possessed.

"Will you assist me out of this crowd, Mr. Ferrers?" Then, as they moved on, she whispered:

"I owe you an explanation."

As soon as they could converse without being overheard, she said:

"Don'tless you remember showing me a picture of a singularly wild cliff that you sketched during your rambling, and remember too, my agitation upon seeing it?"

"Yes," he replied. "I have it still."

"Then do please destroy it, for the place is hateful to me, for there my kind, indulgent father was cruelly murdered."

"You astonish me! pray who was the murderer?"

"Ernest Morley, my husband," she replied, with a trembling voice.

"Your husband?" he exclaimed.

"Yes; he was tried for the crime, but was acquitted—believing him guilty, I left him, rather than exhibit my life by seeing daily my father's murderer, preferring to live alone, and suffer without companionship and sympathy. Besides, his temper was so ungovernable at times that I feared for my own life. Neither would I accept of his support; I changed my name, and as Jessie Farnsworth, was introduced to you."

"And that is why—"

She interrupted him by laying her hand lightly upon his arm, saying, in a low tone:

"Mr. Ferrers, there was a pure corner in my heart, where reason and honor held steady council."

"My noble Jessie! But, tell me; what became of—of your husband?"

"He died one year ago, sending for me at the last, and confessing his guilt."

"What motive had he for the commission of such a crime?"

"It was not premeditated. My father, angered him by some reference to his careless expenditures. Hot words ensued, then blows, and in a moment of insane passion, Ernest pushed him over the frightful precipice."

"Dear Jessie—for this is the name I love best to call you—how is it that I find you here?"

She gave a timid look at him, and blushed deeply, as she replied:

"I was too low-spirited and restless to remain in the place where I had spent so many happy hours, and as Ernest Morley left me independent, I resolved to find in travel some solace from vexing thoughts."

"I too, left home for the same reason, but I was now about to leave Paris and return. Dear Jessie, may I say again what I said long ago? If I remain here near you, it will only intensify the love I have carried in my heart ever since the day that I saw you standing in the door of the old white house. Decide for me, dear Jessie. Shall I go or stay?"

Jessie Farnsworth smiled, and whispered her reply in a voice that he thought was the sweetest music he had ever heard, and yet it was only the short, expressive word:

"Stay."

He replied:

"Always, darling."

A Marriage Romance in Boston.

A romantic case is just now interesting the residents of a certain street not a thousand miles from the "Gilded dome." A gay and strong-minded widow married a rich widower a few years ago, and in process of time a girl baby appeared in the family. The story was, that through a careless left-open door a foundling had been left on the lady's bed, with a letter properly made out in which this newborn infant had been presented to the lady as her own, to hold and to keep as her individual property. This story was, of course, accepted by the friends of the family, though most noticed a remarkable resemblance between the child and the lady and her husband. After a time disagreements came to the married pair; a divorce was agreed upon, but the custody of the child is now the base of contention, both claiming it. The lady claims it was given to her personally; says that in Court she will produce the veritable mother who gave the child to her and desires her to keep it. The gentleman, on the other hand, says he can produce the most reliable evidence that the child was born in his house, and that his wife is the real mother; that she deceived even him for a time; that her motive was to fix things so that, if she should get tired of living with him, the law could not take away the child from her. He says he has abundant proof that many strong-minded women make these plans to evade the law, and notices several suspicious instances among the set with whom his wife associates. The lady, meanwhile, remains cool, and one of her friends, a man of good judgment, says he has personally interviewed the woman who claims to be the mother, and is perfectly satisfied that this woman did leave a child of her's in the manner described on the lady's bed, and whatever the truth may be, she believes herself the mother of the child in dispute. But, again, he has also good reason to think that the lady did herself give birth to an infant about that time; and, if there were two, where is the other? he asks. And so the plot deepens, and no one can but repeat the trite saying: "Truth is stranger than fiction," and "the ways of women are past finding out."—[Boston Globe.]

Boston Cucumber.—She was a Boston girl. She was visiting her Whitehall country cousin. While walking out several butterflies passed her.

"Oh, dear me, what charming little birds. They are perfectly exquisite."

"They are not birds, my dear," replied her country cousin, "they are butterflies."

"Oh, you don't say so. Then these are the dear little creatures that fly from flower to flower and gather the sweet yellow butter that we use? They are too lovely for anything."—[Whitehall Times.]

There are reported to be 25,000 flouring mills in the United States, paying to the employees annually in wages about \$20,000,000. The product of these mills is 50,000,000 barrels of flour annually, 4,000,000 barrels of which are exported. Pennsylvania has nearly 3,000 mills; New York nearly 2,000; Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia have over 1,900 each.

"You need not be afraid of giving too much," the old dandy said. "If any one knows you are a church what died on liberty, let me tell you what it is, and I will take a pilgrimage to it, as by the soft light of day pale moon I will crawl upon its topmost shingle, and write, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'"

How to Propose.

Young men contemplating marriage have so frequently called upon us to advise them in the manner of popping the all-important question that at last we have concluded to give our opinion in a brief airing, once for all.

You will find it a comparatively easy matter to secure a wife if you will exercise care as to the time and place, with some little regard as to the manner. Never propose to a young lady after a hearty meal. The blood is needed to aid her digestion, and her imagination is chilled.

Nor should it come just before a meal, for the longings of an importunate system conduce to anxiety and irritability, and the shock may prove hazardous. It would be better to select the evening, and generally after you have taken her to some entertainment. Her nerves are then apt to be stronger, and her mind may have already dwelt on the possibilities until she is perfectly prepared for the reality.

But never forget yourself so far as to propose on returning from a theater. She will have the style and air of some actor before her mental vision and you can't compare with the romance she throws over him. The best way is to invite her to some entertainment which you know she wants to attend, and then propose to her just as she is ready to start. This will be greatly to your advantage, for she will easily see that a rejection will upset an evening's amusement, and will largely influence her decision.

In the spring of the year you must remember that her system is undergoing a change, and there must be a change of scenery to excite her torpid imagination. Never risk a proposal in the house at this season. Take her for a drive over the worst possible road available. When at a distance from home convenient for the purpose, tell her frankly that she must consent or she will have to walk back. Nine times out of ten she will prefer to ride.

The summer possesses claims over other seasons, if natural advantages are judiciously applied. Strolls in the woods are efficacious, or losing one's way in a blackberry patch will bring a reasonable woman to terms. Never go fishing with a view to proposing. You can't avoid smelling a bait, a perfume inconsistent with love-making.—[Lady's Journal.]

Romance of a poor Young Man.

A poor young clerk read a beautiful and affecting story of how another young man, similarly situated, was once applied to for alms by a miserable old beggar, and when he had given up his disguise and revealed the youth's rich uncle, he immediately fell on his neck and wept, and afterward left him countless gold.

The poor young man was much touched by this legend, so he quietly left the paper where the senior partner who was his rich old uncle, could see it, and then laid it wait for a beggar.

The very next day one came into the store, and as soon as he started on his sad story the young man burst into tears, handed the man all the money he possessed, an ornate watch, and even pressed upon him another clerk's new ulster that was lying on the counter.

When the beggar was gone, the benevolent young man turned to have his uncle, who was watching the whole proceeding, fall upon his neck. Instead of this, however, the capitalist fell upon his ear, so to speak, with great vigor. He kicked the philanthropist out, with the harsh remark that he didn't want any such dashed fool around his establishment. And now the disappointed victim of romance is carrying a clothing store sign around, sparring for his grub, and wondering what good it does these story writers to put up jobs in mankind.

AN IRISH ADVOCATE.—He would go on speaking after the learned judge had cautioned him to desist, till at last his infuriated lordship cried, "Sir, 'tis no use your speaking; what you say to me goes in at one ear and out at the other." The advocate would not be silenced. "My Lord," said he, "it's no wonder when there's nothing between 'em to stop it."

A gentleman who had been second-cutter in a tailor shop, being of a literary turn, was appointed musical critic on a city paper, and his first effort read: "The new and beautiful prima donna, charms us beyond measure. Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of slop pants. He was sent back to the shears!"

A brass covering for a police officer's belt, colored to resemble wool, is the invention of a Connecticut man. If a fighter seizes the club he gets only the cover.

Reten Liability in Material Infection.

Persons whose blood is thin, digestion weak and their sluggish, are extricable to the attacks of material disease. The most telling exposure may, under such conditions, infect a system which, if healthy, would resist the malarial insect. The only way to secure immunity from malaria in localities where it is prevalent, is to take and regulate the system by improving weakened digestion, purifying the blood, and giving a wholesome impetus to bilious secretion. These results are accomplished by nothing so effectively as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which long experience has proved to be the most reliable means against fever and ague and kindred disorders, as well as the best remedy for the biliousness, an excellent laxative, and a perfect solvent of the system of elimination, and an invigorant of the system of assimilation, and a most important and reliable remedy for all ailments.

WIRELESS.

The retail prices for provisions, as given below:

Butter, shoulders, 12c; Bacon, sides, 10c; Pork, ham, 12c; Lard, 10c; Eggs, 12c; Wheat, 12c; Flour, 10c; Beans, 12c; Corn, 10c; Potatoes, 12c; Apples, 10c; Oranges, 12c; Lemons, 10c; Peaches, 12c; Plums, 10c; Cherries, 12c; Strawberries, 10c; Raspberries, 12c; Blackberries, 10c; Currants, 12c; Grapes, 10c; Figs, 12c; Dates, 10c; Almonds, 12c; Walnuts, 10c; Pistachios, 12c; Peanuts, 10c; Cashews, 12c; Macadamia, 10c; Brazil, 12c; Pecans, 10c; Hazelnuts, 12c; Pineapples, 10c; Melons, 12c; Watermelons, 10c; Cucumbers, 12c; Eggplants, 10c; Tomatoes, 12c; Peppers, 10c; Onions, 12c; Potatoes, 10c; Carrots, 12c; Turnips, 10c; Cabbage, 12c; Lettuce, 10c; Spinach, 12c; Beans, 10c; Peas, 12c; Corn, 10c; Potatoes, 12c; Apples, 10c; Oranges, 12c; Lemons, 10c; Peaches, 12c; Plums, 10c; Cherries, 12c; Strawberries, 10c; Raspberries, 12c; Blackberries, 10c; Currants, 12c; Grapes, 10c; Figs, 12c; Dates, 10c; Almonds, 12c; Walnuts, 10c; Pistachios, 12c; Peanuts, 10c; Cashews, 12c; Macadamia, 10c; Brazil, 12c; 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